

Turn Up The Radio by deardmvz

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Billy Hargrove Lives, F/M, Good Sibling Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Good Significant Other Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield Needs a Hug, Minor Maxine "Max" Mayfield/Lucas Sinclair, billy is dead, but not really, surprise

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Summary:

Based on a beautiful fic by @ej_writer , where Max has a lite brite & Billy communicates through it, along with the radio. I made this inspired off it, where Max continues on to try it again but on the camaro.

And b/c I LOVE to use songs for the names - this one is an ode to Turn Up The Radio by Autograph.

Turn Up The Radio

Author's Note:

- For [ej_writer](#).
- Inspired by [Lite brite Fic](#) by ej_writer.

Max has really never hot wired a car before, let alone tried to entirely revive a dead one.

“You good down there?” Lucas’ head peaked in from the busted front windshield, skin visibly sweaty from the late July heat. His fisherman hat was on again, the stupid looking thing laying limp and dead around his head.

“Yeah I got it. What’s next?” Max’s nimble fingers were gripped around two wires, a hoodie underneath her to protect exposed cream thighs from the glass shards that never got cleaned out after the incident. The car mat underneath was also coated in mystery stains, some the two assumed to be her brothers blood.

“Alright- so the ignition wire-“ he looks over, Max nodding as she holds a yellow wire in her right hand “-you’re gonna take that and then connect it to the battery wire.” Max nodded again, the red battery wire in her left hand. This is it, and if it doesn’t work she has no idea where to go from here.

Gently moving the two wires together she connects them. Hands shaking as they come together and a faint buzz can be heard.

And within an instant the car dings alive, radio flashing on and the sounds of static quietly coming through. The lights in the metal heap of a once glorious car illuminated. They had electricity flowing once again.

“FUCK YES! Lucas holy fuck!!” Max wanted to jump up and grab him but she couldn’t, too far down into the footwell of the camaros driver seat to wiggle up. She settled for an oddly positioned high five. “Okay, okay- now the big part. Starting the engine.”

“Alright- you see the starter wire we stripped?” Max does, grabbing it. She’s feeling a lot more confident this time around. “You’re gonna spark that with the connected wires you just did. The book says it’s gonna flash up so keep it away from your face and hair.”

Max is careful as she does this step, holding the wires as far away as possible. Making sure she has her feet far enough out the broken in door to wriggle out if something catches fire. And gently, she pushes the wires together.

There is a spark and a zap, and then the sound kicks on. The engine roars to life, like a beast coming out of its grave.

It’s like a phantom almost, hauntingly familiar and terrible in some ways, but also loved and missed at the same time. It’s her ghost, one of the few and far between parts of Billy Hargrove she has now. After every bit of him had been attempted to be erased and wiped off of the face of the Earth, like chalk on a board.

She may have hated him in some aspects before & wished this car was driven off a cliff into the ocean... but now things had changed. She knew monsters were real, outside of the one who made her brother into what he was. And when monsters are real & their in your home town, things are bound to change drastically.

So now, with Billy dead and in some fucked up way reformed, she wanted to keep at least one piece of him. And figure out if she was crazy about the lights or if there was some method to all of this madness.

Lucas came around to the door, helping Max up and out of the well, and then into the seat. It still had his blood on it, a bit of dried blackness cracking in the seams from monsters of the Upside Down. It made her feel slightly uncomfortable in some way, but happy in others. It shows he was there, that he was real. Even if her mind is starting to forget him, time already taking its effect as she’s told inside the walls of her home that he was never there to begin with.

“The lights and electricity- do you think it’s gonna work?” Lucas’ arms were on the door, eyes staring at the radio and wondering. She’d told him about the lite brite and what it had done.

“I... I don’t know. It’s worth trying though.” She felt sheepish saying it, unsure of if it would actually work. If maybe somehow, Billy could pull a KITT in Knight Rider with this whole Upside Down fiasco. Come back from the dead & speak from beyond the grave.

Her hands went to the radio console, pressing the eject button. Out comes a cassette, Max almost laughing when she sees it. Iron Maiden, all scratched up to hell on the box with “don’t touch my shit Maxine” written on the front. She grins and grabs it, pocketing it into her overalls. She already knew it was in there, but not until today had she been able to get it out. She had thought it was lost to the jaws of the cars cassette player forever, but now it was her again. With no Billy, the cassette was hers by claim.

She was sad that there would be no attempts made by Billy to snatch it back. It was hers now... finally. She almost didn’t want it to be.

Her fingers moved quick, moving on from the cassette as she switched the stereo to the normal Hawkins radio. Unsure of how this would go but still curious.

“Billy- If you can hear me- I want you to do the stereo thing again. You can turn up the music or maybe switch the channels?”

At first there is nothing, and Max and Lucas are left looking dumb as the weather plays. Max sitting farther back into the Camaros front seat, Lucas sighing a little as the temperature is read out.

“Today is gonna be a blazing hot one folks! By the looks of it the sun will be rising us up to a smoking hot 96 degrees by noon and-“

The voice cuts out, going to static. Max and Lucas perk up, eyebrows raising and heads tilting. Waiting for something.

And then, a new voice comes through.

“Hello?”

Its a random voice, cutting out of static. Some radio announcer, just popping in to say hello.

“Hello?” Max calls back at the radio.

“Max....”

The radio switches to static, trying to find a new station to continue its sentence.

“Is that...”

More static, and then more words.

“you... Can you...”

“hear me...”

Parts of the words are songs, others announcers. Neither of them care. The message is clear. It's Billy and he's asking “Max is that you, can you hear me?”

Max wants to sob as she nods, pushes out a little “yeah”, followed by Lucas swearing his ass off. Running a little in excitement before coming back.

“Yeah! Yeah it's me oh my god- Billy-“

**“Damn... shit...bird.....didn't think you
missed me so much.....I have a question...
where..... am I?”**